



John Muir Correspondence (PDFs)

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1910-07-25

**Letter from S. Hall Young to John Muir, 1910 Jul 25.**

S. Hall Young

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Cordova, Alaska, July 25th, 1910.

Mr. John Muir, Martinez, California;

My dear Friend,

Yours of June 23rd, enclosing your photograph, arrived two weeks ago during one of my preaching trips up the Copper River. "Our National Parks" came by the last mail. For your trouble in placing my story, and for the beautiful picture and for the book, in whose delightful pages I am already deep, I thank you warmly.

I have not heard as yet from The Atlantic, but presume there has not been time. I am somewhat impatient to know whether they want the other stories of our two canoe trips. I would like to get those off first thing.

I have sent to Mr. Briggs, Manager of the Fleming H. Revell Co., another story. It will be the first chapter of the book, The Mushing Parson. The scene is laid in Skagway as you saw it in 1897. It is called The Great Stampede.

Mr. Briggs professed himself delighted with the sample story I sent him called "Cussin' Jim", and said their Company would be glad to undertake the publication of the book, and that he would place the stories in good magazines.

James' travesty of the Adventure is surely the limit of ridiculous writing. All he ever heard of the adventure from my lips was a short account of your taking me from the cliff, used as an illustration in a lecture. His whole story is made up from his own imagination.

And now I want to send you an invitation for immediate consideration and action. There is up the Copper Valley R. R. fifty miles from Cordova what is one of the scenic wonders of the world, The great steel bridge crosses the Copper between two great glaciers, Miles and Childs. Both are moving very rapidly and are continually breaking off huge masses of ice into the river. The four dimensions of beauty and sublimity are there in their perfection--form, color, motion and sound. You can stand on the bank opposite Childs Glacier within 500 feet of its wall of ice which is 300 ft

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sheer from the water and witness enormous masses crashing and roaring into the river. Sometimes such masses fall that you will have to beat a hasty retreat and climb a tree to avoid the waves which reach 25 or 30 feet in height on the opposite shore.

Now cannot you take the next train to Seattle, take passage on the Northwestern or the Alameda to Cordova, come to our cosy parsonage and go out to enjoy that glacier and the other wonders of this region at your leisure? The R. R. Co. and my other friends at the Glacier will make you comfortable there and Mrs. Young and myself will be delighted to have you here. You should start soon, as the river is high now and the glaciers most lively.

I hope for a speedy and favorable answer. It would be a pleasure indeed to have you in my Alaska home before it is finally broken up.

I am sending a little folder of views.

Warmly yours,

*Attally Young*

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Copy.

Office of The Atlantic Monthly, 4 Park St. Boston,

July 30, 1910.

Dear Mr. Young:-

We ask your pardon most sincerely for having kept this most interesting sketch such an unconscionable time. Our excuse is that in the meantime we happen to have been considering a series of articles by Mr. Muir himself, and having arranged to publish them during the early part of next year, we hoped to find space for this introductory paper of yours which would bring Mr. Muir on the stage in the happiest manner possible. To our regret, we find we shall not have sufficient space at our disposal to do this, and so very reluctantly we are returning you the interesting narrative.

It seems unnecessary to send this story, which so many magazines would be glad to use, all the way back to Alaska, but in the absence of directions, we do not forward it to the Century Magazine, as we should feel strongly inclined to do.

Faithfully yours,

The Editors.

S. Hall Young, Esq.,  
Cordova,  
Alaska.

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